

### Another One.

"There was a new voice over the phone asking for you, Johnny," said the cashier gravely and with a shake of his head. "Another voice on the phone, another heart palpitating with fond expectancy, another victim to a young man's vanity, another..."

"Another spell," interrupted the bill clerk. "Another relapse into lethargy. Why don't you go and see a specialist?"

"I fear me that you are a butter-fly," sighed the cashier. "The sad conclusion is borne upon me that you fit from flower to flower, sipping the sweetness of each."

"Am I to blame if they won't let me alone?" asked the bill clerk plaintively. "If they will run after me what can I do? I can't be rough and brutal with them. It's not my nature. I suppose I might spurn them when they come too thick, but, honest, I just hate to do it."

"Don't tell me," said the cashier severely. "You're a flitter. A plain flitter."

"Just as long as you don't call me a quitter," said the bill clerk. "I wouldn't try to make a heartless jest of it," said the cashier. "It's nothing to grin about. If I won the fleeting affections of a sweet young girl I'd hang right to them until death pried me loose. That's the way I did, as a matter of fact. You ask the madam."

"I will some time," said the bill clerk. "I'm rather curious to hear what she will have to say about it. Well, honest, do you think a fellow ought to stick to one girl? If he tied up to the first fairy he got a little foolish over her'd miss the right one. Just as likely as not, and never knew it. I've sat up with quite a few of 'em myself and it seems to me that they get better all the time."

"Lethargic!" said the cashier. "Think of the wretched and blighted young lives! Think of the rosy cheeks growing wan and pale over year's sickness!"

"Anything to oblige," said the bill clerk. "I'll take a day off some time and think of 'em."

"He hasn't even the curiosity to ask who called him up!" said the cashier. "The fact that a trusting female is pining in his absence is nothing to him. Only one of many, I suppose."

"That's the idea," said the bill clerk, pleasantly. "I can't keep track of 'em all. Another thing I've lost a good deal of my curiosity since I've been around this office. It's like calling four aces with a pair of deuces."

"You speak darkly and in riddles," said the cashier. "I can assure you, however, that the lady seemed anxious. She was not satisfied with the explanation that you had gone to lunch. She wanted to know how long you had been gone and when you would be back. She informed me that she was about to start down town and would probably look in."

"Come off!" said the bill clerk, hurriedly.

"Also she inquired if Saturday was the pay day in this office and she wanted to know if I wasn't your employer. I told her that I was, assured her that any confidence she might repose in me would be held sacred. Johnny," the cashier demanded, seriously, "why don't you pay the poor, hard-working woman what you owe her? She has to pay her grocer and her help and she can't afford to be boarding you right along on mere promises."

"Do you mean to tell me that Mrs. Canford called up and made any such break as that?" said the bill clerk, in some agitation.

"You heard what I said, didn't you?" said the cashier. "Why don't you pay her?"

"Because I've paid her already," said the bill clerk, triumphantly. "I'm not only paid up, but I'm a week in advance. That was one time I fooled you."

"Well, she's got a level head to make you pay in advance," said the cashier. —Chicago Daily News.

### Riches Found by Accident.

Peter Terreros, a realtor, discovered by accident the Real del Monte deposits in Hidalgo, and at the end of 12 years had won \$15,000,000, an Spanish title of nobility; and, to give another example, two brothers named Bolados, who earned a comfortable livelihood by carrying fuel, found in a crevice opened by earthquake an enormous block of silver worth \$1,250,000.

### Beware of Mind Wobbling.

To a certain degree we are the masters of our fate and the captains of our souls—as the poet says. By strong will and fidelity to ideals we can rise superior to circumstances. The trouble is that many waste time in letting their minds wobble. Get over the undecided habit of mind wobbling.

### To Melt Iron in a Moment.

Heat a piece of iron (a poker will do), to white heat, then apply to it a roll of sulphur. The iron will immediately melt and run into drops. This experiment is best performed over a wash basin of water, allowing the melted iron (really sulphide of iron), to drop into the water.

### A Word to the Unwise.

Beware of the "good thing" that comes to your door and tries to break in.

### ART OF WALKING GRACEFULLY

#### A Few Rules to Bear in Mind if a Woman Will Look Her Best.

Every woman should aspire to look as well as possible upon all occasions. If she will make up her mind to sit, stand and walk gracefully she will go far toward accomplishing this state of continually looking her best. It isn't difficult if you will only persevere.

The graceful positions of the body are invariably correct, and stiffness is the only thing to be guarded against. And yet proper carriage of the body is a rarity. In consequence, the majority of people are characterized by flat chests, faring shoulder blades, protruding collar bones, etc.

A woman should never hurry if she wants to look well, but should strive to attain a reposeful manner when walking. She should lift her foot lightly, so that when she takes a step it will swing naturally with the toe downward. In this way the forward part of the foot should be put down so that the heels are pretty well on an imaginary chair line, the toes always falling a little outside the line. The full weight of the body ought to be placed upon the foot, that is, on the ground. A person should be able to balance at any moment upon the single foot that is supposed to be carrying the walker's weight.

If this can be done, it is proof that the body is properly poised and well carried. If we accustom ourselves to holding the body gracefully when sitting and standing, it will assume that position naturally when we are walking.

We often read of women walking with a springy step, indicative of buoyancy and vitality, but, alas, little of such grace do we see. And this charming attribute to womanly attractiveness is too often neglected, although it lies well within our reach.

I wish every one of my readers would resolve to be as graceful as possible, and with this idea constantly before each of us, I am sure there would soon be a marked improvement in the carriage of women in general.

If we only avoid swinging the shoulders, turning the body from side to side and bobbing the head up and down, a great deal of unpleasantness would be eliminated from our gait.

#### A Valuable Necklace.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable pieces of jewelry of any age was the celebrated diamond necklace which not only had a most fortunate influence on the life of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette, but was also one of the causes of the great French Revolution.

Louis XV. in the year 1174, ordered the court jeweler, Roehmer and Bassenge by name, to go together the finest diamonds that could be found, in order to make the costliest and most beautiful necklace in the world. Some time was necessarily required to accomplish this difficult order, and unfortunately, before it was finished, the king died and the necklace was no longer required for its original purpose. The jeweler, however, com-

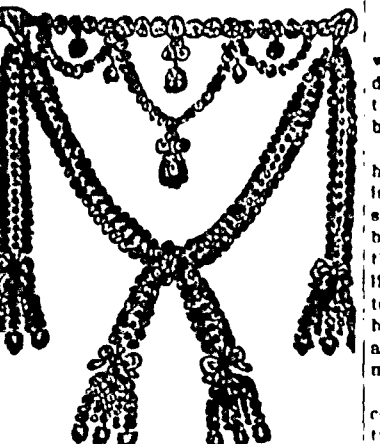
#### New Gloves Every Day.

A glove for protecting the hands while working that is said to be a decided improvement on the regulation rubber glove has been invented by a clever Englishman.

The idea consists in dipping the hands into a solution of rubber that is easily prepared and that dries instantly, leaving a fine film of rubber covering the entire surface of the hands. The film, of course, fits like the skin itself and does not interfere with the movement of the hands, has no perceptible weight, and, it is claimed, is impervious to moisture.

When the gloves, or rather the coat is to be removed a second solution is provided which dissolves the film as quickly as it was formed.

The invention was primarily intended for surgeons who are constantly complaining against the use of the cumbersome rubber glove that interferes so seriously with the sense of touch.



#### HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

Enamel ware that has been burned or discolored may be cleaned by applying a paste made of coarse salt and vinegar. A little vigorous rubbing will remove the ugly marks.

Kerosene may be used with very satisfactory results in taking out wagon grease or tar spots if used while the grease is fresh. Then wash with cold soft water, using no soap.

In dressing salads do not use a combination of sugar and vinegar or salt and vinegar. The latter will be found most useful in cleaning but is not particularly good for one's stomach. Use a mixture of oil and vinegar, delicately seasoned.

If only the straight-edged variety of lettuce can be procured, shred it with a very sharp knife or scissors or about two inches deep around the edges. It will not bruise if the lettuce is placed in a collander and set immediately on the ice, and the fringed effect is quite pretty.

#### Hold Up Your Chin.

"If you don't want to be thought old don't act old," was the advice of a beauty doctor, the other day. "Don't walk like an old woman, for one thing. Old women bow their heads and walk with their chins depressed. So hold your head up well."

#### The Vampire Shopper.

It is women's demand for cheapness that makes shop proprietors overwork and underpay their employees.—Weekly Dispatch.

### HANDY POISON INDICATOR.

#### Change of Anyone Missing Contents of the Bottle

The old story of the unfortunate who drank the contents of a bottle containing a deadly poison is almost daily news item in the newspapers. In fact, an economical editor suggested that the item be re-standing in type, the only necessary change from day to day being that of the name of the victim.



In order to lessen the number of mistakes of this kind a Southerner has devised the "poison indicator" shown in the accompanying illustration. I undoubtedly it would prove effective wherever used. It is made entirely separate from the cork, and can readily be transferred from an unused bottle to another. The skull and crossbones would be sufficient indication of the contents in the daytime, while its peculiar shape would serve the same purpose at night. At the bottom of the indicator is a pin by which it is held in place in the cork.

#### Don't Worry

Some people really enjoy unhappiness. Strange as it may be this is actually a fact, else why do so many women expatiate upon their woes at a length calculated to wear out their hearers? There are women and men too for that matter who are constantly on the lookout for unpleasant things, and who, after a while, form a habit of always looking at the wrong side. The weather is never what it should be, the meals are badly cooked, the children are troublesome, and altogether there is such a continual fault finding over trifles that the big, real troubles are lost sight of. Such a trait should be stamped in the bud, for it not only leads to endless unhappiness on the part of the perpetrator, but makes life miserable for those in the immediate vicinity who are so sensible as to see that summing all things up, they find that good generally counts for more than bad.

Life There are some people, too, who gloat over the description of their ailments, and retail them at length to horror-stricken friends, who do not always realize that a trouble grows in magnitude each time it is expatiated upon.

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### A MAN IN THE MAKING

The story of Skaggle is very simple, but it goes straight to that spot in the heart that is always waiting to respond to the brave and sweet things of life. Skaggle was not his name. Some one gave him that title the third day after he took the job. It was finally curtailed to Skag. When he first came to the office he fitted like a mouse's tail in a well, but he had an old look—the look of a burden beyond his years. He was wan and pale, and his nose was red every time he came in from the weather. His shoes and stockings were ventilated beyond endurance to anybody except a boy.

But Skag was a faithful worker—at first. Bright and early he swept the office and dusted the desks. That is, he used the duster—and by eight o'clock he was over in his corner, his hair plastered back and his face washed save for the high-water mark about his neck.

But by degrees Skag's enthusiasm over his new position languished. The clerks complained of unemptied waste baskets and dusty desks. It was also noticed that Skag's clothes were daily growing more shabby. His hair longer, his shoes more run over, and it was evident that his mind was not on his work.

A reprimand from the "boss" had the desired effect. He became more punctual, took more interest in his work, seemed cheery, and sometimes whistled a little. But Skag's work was spasmodic. It was not long before he was as bad as ever. His work lagged, he was slow about getting round mornings, and his interest—outwardly, at least—was of the wooden Indian variety. The crowning and final test of endurance on the part of the office force came when he went to sleep in his chair.

"Skag come here!"

It was the boss. Skag shuffled into the manager's private office, and sat on the edge of a chair, nervous and fidgety. The boss did not speak for a minute. His way of impressing a culprit.

Skag, this thing has gone far enough. You are not paying attention to your work. Look at the dust on my desk—it's frightful! This is Monday. I'll give you just one week. Saturday winds you up unless you come out of that trance. That's all.

Skag sniffed and shuffled back to his chair, where he tucked at the seam of his trousers and gazed vacantly out of the window.

The next morning the office fairly glistened, and all through the week his work improved. The stenographer even discarded her work sleeves, her desk was so clean.

But no one noticed that Skag's face was growing thinner and his eyelids more drooping.

Saturday night, after five o'clock, Skag stayed and cleaned up the office. He would be that much ahead when Monday came.

Monday morning the office was as clean as a Dutch kitchen, but there was no Skag. Noon arrived, and still no Skag, at which the boss waxed wrathful.

Jones, go up to the kid's house and see what the trouble is. Tell him if he can't get here by two o'clock, he needn't come at all."

When Jones returned he went into the manager's private office and closed the door. Later he came out with a long sheet of paper in his hand. The boss had headed the list with twenty-five dollars.

"What brought it on?" asked the stenographer.

"Exposure, and not enough to keep body and soul together. The kid's been sitting up nights with her for a month. Funeral's Wednesday."

Skag is still working. He wears a new suit, and the high-water mark round his neck has disappeared. And they do not call him Skaggle now. They call him by his right name.

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